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Sedley

THE BAROUCHE DRIVER

AND

HIS WIFE :

A TALE FOR HAUT TON.

*Containing a Curious Biography of Living
Characters, with Notes Explanatory.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

By *CHARLES SEDLEY, Esq.*

*Author of "The Infidel Mother," "The Mask of Fashion,"
&c. &c. &c.*

Neither the constitution, nor the passions, are the
first seducers of youth——

But opinions and manners.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE THE

EARL AND COUNTESS

OF JERSEY.

MY LORD,

As these volumes are intended to satirize the frivolities, profusion, and licentiousness, too prevalent in the higher circles

*of fashion ; and as example is the most
impressive remonstrance ; I am desirous to
hold up, to the imitation of the TITLED
WANDERER, a rare pattern of elevated
rank, ornamented by unobtrusive worth
and correctly polished manners.*

*To you, my Lord, and to your amiable
Countess, do I, therefore, dedicate this
work.*

*I have the honour to be,
with unfeigned respect,
MY LORD,
your Lordship's most obedieut
and most humble servant,*

THE AUTHOR.

Brighton Cliffs, July 19th, 1807.

PREFACE.

IN the present age, when morality is the language of the lip, and licentiousness the devotion of the heart—Authors, in obedience to all prevailing fashion, aim to sacrifice at either shrine.

A writer of celebrity will, therefore, *with all becoming modesty*, announce, in his preface, that he would rather be considered DULL than IMMORAL ; while the whole spirit of his work is, in reality, composed for the free indulgence of the prevailing *gusto* :—and the mixture is swallowed with delight.

But how shall I, a mere Ephe-

mera among scribblers—unprotected and unknown—aim at the meed of public approbation?

I do not profess the art of giving Protean qualities to living characters—I do not employ a sign post painter to furnish me with the portrait of a Duchess—or select a female, distinguished through life for

all the milder virtues of her sex
—with grace, wit, beauty, peculiarly her own—as the theme of
unlicensed ribaldry.

I do not embody gross vices
with venial trespasses : nor have
I forgotten, that domestic apathies will alienate the warm
affections of a heart teeming
with sensibility.

A Cynic might, indeed, snarl with triumph, at these vile distortions—so congenial with his tenets — but the *enlightened Moralist* would hold up the bright side of an illustrious example to posterity, and veil its foibles with the shade of pity.

I have not trembled with awe, while taking notes from the *bribed* porter of a great man's

hall ; nor, hobbled and nobbed with a powdered lacquey, as I drew from his volubility the *ar-cana* of a crouded rout : nor have I mistaken the flippancy of a fashionable vagabond, for the real passport to polished society.

I have not, *morally*, introduced a dark walk at a masquerade—nor consulted fairy tales to supply its scenery.

I have not *ridiculed* the pageantry of a BIRTH-DAY, by launching a new PUNCH'S COACH.

I have not *harlequinised* a timid country girl, through the liveried avenues of a Duke's Palace, into a drawing room of company, to ask the explanation of a card of address.

Nor have I, like a *miracle-monger*, conveyed a person from the *Antipodes*, to turn the lock of a library door, at the *exact* moment his corroborating testimony was wanting.

In short—I have not *outraged* nature—that I might become the fashion ; nor killed characters—TO BE ADMIRER FOR MY MORALITY.

Existing Folly is *my* object :
—Satire is my weapon—and Ex-
ample is my shield: let the
stricken deer—go weep.

“FAS EST AB HOSTE DOCERI.”

JUST PUBLISHED

By J. F. HUGHES, Wigmore Street.

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THE ROYAL ECLIPSE ;

OR

DELICATE FACTS ;

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GEORGE and his WIFE. With NOTES.

By DIOGENES.

AN APOLOGUE.

The Trial of PLEASURE before Judge
PHILOSOPHY.

THE Trial was opened, and *Pleasure* brought to the Bar. *Repentance* appeared to prosecute her.

The Judge *Philosophy*, with eye severe, observed her; beneath him sat with folded arm *Sullen Melancholy*. *Reflec-*

* Pleasure being the business of our lives, and the subject of these volumes, I have endeavoured to give it an allegorical definition.

tion, with wrinkled forehead and close contracted brow, opened the indictment, and *Squint-eyed Care* with *Dark Distrust* were appointed to examine the Witnesses.

The *Senses* were first called in to give their testimony against her ; but it was objected by the prisoner's Counsel, *Desire, Fancy,* and *Hope*, that they could not be witnesses, since they were sure either to gain or lose by the Trial.

The *Senses* declared, for themselves, that they were not proper to speak to

it, since they were but subordinate to the Will, and served only as Messengers to convey the Ideas to the *Mind* ; that they were no more than passengers in a ship, while the Will stood at the helm.

The Will was called in, who swore that he was always ruled by the *Senses* ; that they had run him into numberless inconveniences ; and, not contented with that, they had cruelly chained him like a slave to a whimsical tyrant called *Fashion*, who used him very barbarously ; on which, an order was immediately

issued to attach him, and to bring *Fashion* into Court : in the mean time, they proceeded with the trial of *Pleasure*.

The first evidence that was called, was a young fellow with a pallid, sickly countenance; his small legs scarcely could support him to crawl into court; he was often obliged to stop for want of breath; and in a thin, squeaking voice, he deposed the following evidence.

That, to his knowledge ; the prisoner was the greatest jilt in nature ; he had

thrown away a very large estate, and spoiled a good constitution, in following her ; that she had continually given him hopes of enjoyment, but always deceived him ; that his first acquaintance with her was at college, where he met with her in the shape of a beautiful nymph, and was so struck with her, that he immediately forsook his studies to follow her ; he set up his equipage to honor her ; ran after her from assembly to assembly, from horse-race to horse-race ; followed her to the hazard table ; pursued her among women of the town ; searched every tavern for

her, but still he had missed meeting her.

At the tavern, indeed, he had sometimes a glimpse of her; but then he began drinking so young, that he was seldom in a capacity to enjoy her, being always either dull or drunk; when sober he was most commonly sick, and when fuddled, always for fighting; so upon the whole, he told the Court—swearing by his Maker—she was an impudent jilt, and had bilked him.

The next witness was a Lady, a fine

delicately moulded female ; she slid gracefully into court, with her hoop held high before her, and immediately ran up to embrace the prisoner; but was prevented by the prime Serjeant *Reflection*, who asked her if she knew the criminal ; upon which, with a full stare and lips wide open, she burst into the prettiest laugh, fell from thence into the most innocent confusion, sweetly excused herself in a very becoming lisp, and with a slow courtesy, sunk negligently down on the bench between the prisoner's counsel, *Fancy* and *Hope*.

She was again interrogated about her knowledge of the prisoner ; she told the Court, the Lady at the bar was her intimate friend, that they had been brought up from their childhood together ; and, truly, that the judge was a *fright*, and the rest of the bench a parcel of *queer* creatures, not to let so fine a Lady sit down among them.

Then turning to the prisoner, she invited her to her *rout*, and told her what charming company would be there ; as for instance, *Miss 'Rant—Madam Racquet—Widow Hurricane*—and the

Duchess of Helter-Skelter : then she hastily got up, hummed an opera tune, and with a round-about sweep, whisked away to her chair in an instant.

The next evidence was an old man ; though stricken in years, his countenance had not yet lost all the marks of florid health ; in his face the bloom of manhood seemed to contend with the winter of age.

He gave his evidence as follows :— Behold, most grave judge, one of the unhappiest among mankind ; I have all

my life been searching after Pleasure, fooled by that Lady the prisoner, till at last I am involved in an irremediable series of misery.

In my juvenile days, I had often read of the prisoner *Pleasure* ; I was charmed with her *character* ; I longed to be acquainted with her ; I thought of nothing but her ; I fell in love with her ; and, like other lovers, turned poet to please her. I courted the sciences for her sake : but in poetry, I flattered myself I should soonest find her ; therefore I immediately became fond of making verses :

but, alas ! where I expected Pleasure, I met with Pain. I was blamed as an idler, condemned as a plagiarist, or punished by the ignorant and envious with derision. I next applied myself to traffic, I crossed the seas for gain, I increased my fortune but not my pleasure.

Tempests, robbers, breaches in trade, disappointments, damped all my hopes of enjoying her ; I then recollected I had gained enough ; I resolved to rest myself, and was in hopes to find her when at my ease.

Again I was mistaken ; while at rest, I was uneasy ; I grew discontented with having nothing to do ; I then resolved to exercise my mind, and I began to examine the laws of Nature.

I studied them ; I inquired into primary causes ; but, alas ! all I attained was an insatiable desire to know more than could be known, and a certain sorrowful reflection that all I did know was insignificant.

I then turned Builder ; I planned a house, I laid out my gardens, I amused

myself among the Artists, and then thought I was arrived at true Pleasure : but it was still to seek ; the Workmen's delays displeased me ; they fell out among themselves ; I was distracted to decide their quarrels : at length they finished the house, and I invited my friends, I-treated my neighbours, I settled fortunes on my children, and then, once more, thought of being happy. Still I am deceived ; my friends I find are flatterers, my neighbours are envious of my riches, my children wish for my death to possess them ; and, after all my toils, I am at last as far from

finding Pleasure as the first day I sat out after her.

The Judge then asked the Prisoner what defence she could make?—She called her witnesses, *Beauty* and *Love*: on their appearance, the whole Court was most sensibly affected; *Melancholy* raised his head, *Reflection* smoothed his brow, *Care* looked pleased, and *Philosophy* gave a sigh; when *Prudence*, who had all this while stood concealed, stepped forth, and ordered the officers of the Court, *Fear* and *Distrust*, to seize the two Witnesses, *Beauty* and

Love, for she had an Indictment against them for perjury: she therefore objected against their testimony, and insisted on *Pleasure's* making a defence without their help.

Pleasure immediately entered on her defence.

Let mankind use me as I deserve, and I shall never be tried as a criminal, but rewarded as a friend.

They call upon me to help them; yet I no sooner come to their assistance, than

they bind me captive to their tempers,
and never give me rest.

With the youth who appeared against me, I never was acquainted; had he stuck to his studies, he might have found me; but he mistook another for me, whom he followed; she is drest like me; her name is *Folly*; it was to her and not to me, that he owes all his misfortunes.

A Lady has deposed that I attended her from her infancy: it is false; she had a waiting maid to attend her,

who used my name ; but her true title was *Self-love*.

The last and heaviest charge against me is the old man's ; but he is an *Hypocrite*: I would have attended him always as his wife, but he chose to use me like a kept mistress, proud of shewing the world he possessed me ; I despised him for his ostentation ; I left him, to be more severely dealt with ; and I——

But why (raising her voice) should I plead among such cold, such spiritless

Judges : come to my rescue, my friends,
assist me, my Allies!

Immediately the *Passions* came turbulently into court, drove *Melancholy* away, and gagged *Repentance* ; *Philosophy* hid himself under the table ; they trampled upon *Reflection*, released *Pleasure*, and made *Prudence* prisoner to be tried in her place.

Beauty and *Love* were to sit as Judges ; but her trial, and what the messenger found, who went to look for *Fashion*, must be deferred to another opportunity.

THE BAROUCHE DRIVER

AND

HIS WIFE.

Le temps, qui change tout, change aussi nos humeurs ;

Chaque age à ses plaisirs, son esprit, et ses mœurs.

Anon.

“ THE arrows of wit, though winged by raillery, may be so pointed by good temper, that they are rather calculated to amuse than to wound.”

There is more, certainly, of theory than practice in this aphorism : wit is a dangerous weapon, and may be compared with the chariot of the sun, which, entrusted to the unskilful guidance of the presumptuous Phaëton, nearly set the world on fire.

Most of those who aspire to the possession of wit, would rather lose a friend than an epigram ; but we had exceptions to this position in two great men lately deceased, Lord North and the Honorable Charles James Fox ; and we still boast an exception in the zeal-

ous friend of the latter, Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Whatever the political dissensions of the two former gentlemen, they strongly assimilated to each other in their social virtues and their splendid talents ; and I do not know how I can better describe both, than by adapting the language ascribed to Mr. Fox, when speaking of his Lordship :

“ He said, he was the most accomplished wit he had ever known ; and in domestic life, in the circle of his

friends and followers collected round his table, he displayed all the candour without the grossness of Walpole. He appeared as if he never felt an insult, so immediately did he forgive it. His face was very plain, his features coarse, but his smile was heavenly. You could not see him without becoming attached to him. He left all his cares in the House of Commons, and was no longer a minister than while on the Treasury bench."

On the latter, I do not attempt so high a strain of panegyric; but I am

impelled by candour to state, that he possesses the happy secret so to harmonize the most brilliant flashes of sarcastic wit, that an irresistible pleasantry honeys the wound, ere raillery has removed its dart.

“ With discretion for his tutor, he suits the action to the word, the word to the action ; under this especial observance, that he ne’er outsteps the modesty of Nature.”

Such is Sheridan !—who, in spite

of Nature, has been equally formidable in the Senate and in my lady's closet, armed at all points, and physically prepared for each encounter.

Wit, thus marshalled, possesses infinitely more seductive power, than all the graces so imposingly pourtrayed by the late Lord Chesterfield: but in that nobleman these talismans were associated, and their magic was decisive.

All the social virtues mingled with his nature; his manners were pleasingly

attractive, his smile conciliating, his temper mild, his wit ready and felicitous, his person elegant.

The Earl, however, was singularly gifted.

In searching historical records, or in perusing fabulous narratives, we find that every personage of peculiar wit and humor is described as being remarkable for personal defects.

All the prominent characters in Rabelais are eminently ugly. The heroes of

Cervantes form a group, so provokingly ridiculous, that they are not only the agents of wit in themselves, but the promoters of it in others.

Hudibras and his man Ralpho, the facetious Falstaff, and the ruddy Bardolph, are monuments of wit, so conciliating in its nature, that all personal imperfections vanish in the merry flashes of its attic humour.

Scarron, the celebrated French wit, was one of the ugliest fellows in existence; and yet he became the husband

of one of the loveliest and most accomplished women of the day, afterwards so renowned as Madame de Maintenon.

Indeed the wit of this man was electric; it communicated its fluidity to Madame Scarron; and from her, its brilliant sparks were conveyed to Lewis XIV. unaided by her beauty: the King became enamoured of a letter she had written, and professed himself her slave before he saw her person.

Our modern Bardolph, certainly *not rich* in personal endowments, once

reigned in the heart of the young and beautiful Perdita. Nay ! when the widowed father of a *hopeful* son *verging towards** maturity ; when the bloom of youth had yielded to the blossoms of intemperance, did he not win the hand and heart of his present lovely and accomplished wife ?

Pope, who in person resembled an S, was the favored friend of his Stella. Yorick, who was shapeless as a hop-pole, warmed the bosom of Eliza with *platonic* tenderness ; and Peter Pindar, at the age of seventy, *bent* with infirmity,

* i. e. *years of discretion* !

has lately captivated the gay, lively, and youthful Mrs. Knight.

These are immortals of the old school: and though there still exist many voluble pretenders, few are the lawful progeny of Wit.

In modern circles, it is ranked among the *chastities* exploded by haut-ton; and the approving smile of an all accomplished female Fashionable is only tributary to an elegantly ornamented tale of scandal, a delicious hoax, or a

wicked equivoque ; while the ne plus ultra of finished education with the men, is a reputation for pugilism, a knowledge in horse-flesh, and a diploma for driving.

In obedience to these ordinances from the college of fashion, a young man of rank, instead of eating his terms at Oxford or at Cambridge, eats raw meat in London to give him wind for a sparring match : instead of Greek orations, he composes notes on Moorcroft's farriery : and instead of professing the

aboard of a gentleman, he practises the scientific square and kiddy twist of an hackney coachman !

The wit of John Bull is still of another temperament. Low cunning, and malicious merriment are the gods of his idolatry.

Selling bargains, smutty jests, or mimickry of another's misfortunes, constitute the wit, humor, and excellence which an Englishman is most solicitous to shine in.

Having pointed out the accomplishments of the age in the *indispensable* pretensions to haut-ton, I beg leave to introduce my hero.

“ And *will* I learn to box?—and *will* I keep a stud?—and *will* I drive four in hand?” exclaimed the enraptured Edward, starting from his desk, and dancing about the room frensied with joy.

The mother of Edward Ormsby had married the man of her heart in oppo-

sition to parental authority. Her happiness was of short duration. The first year made her a parent ; the second a widow.

One thousand pounds, the bequest of her god-mother, was the whole amount of her fortune. Her father continued inexorable to her entreaties : he denounced curses on her head, and that of her innocent child. The gentle Eliza had offended beyond forgiveness. —She had married an Irishman !

There cannot, I think, be a more

interesting spectacle, in nature, than suffering beauty weeping over her lovely but ill-fated offspring.

Let us etch the scene.

In the shady recesses of a romantic wood stood the isolated cottage of the lovely widow. A group of elms and chestnuts obscured the straw built roof; and the rose bush, mingling with the jessamine and honeysuckle, latticed the small diamond-cut casements; a narrow meandering path led to an open unfrequented eminence commanding a view

of the beautiful Lake of Killarney ; and the rushings of a distant cascade were the familiar sounds that broke upon the privacy of the Recluse.

Her parlour was small, and tastefully adorned with sketches of the romantic scenery around. Edward, just breeched, was seated at a small work table building houses with a pack of cards. His anxious mother bent tenderly over the enraptured boy. Sorrow had given a fragility to her naturally delicate form ; her features were softened by an habitual paleness, now and then flushed with

a momentary glow of pleasure, as she helped the little trifter to renew his labors : a slow and languid movement dimmed her once brilliant eyes, that swam in liquid clearness, expressing the mild qualities of her mind. An elderly domestic, the nurse of Edward, and the sharer of their poverty, stood in the back ground, contemplating the objects before her, and raising her prayers to Heaven to guard and to protect her angel mistress and her darling boy.

This little recess, which in the whole only boasted of four rooms, had been

built by Mr. Ormsby immediately after his marriage, and was his favorite retreat : it was the only wealth he had to leave ; but it was infinitely dear to his widow, who, on the interest of her thousand pounds, devoted herself in this beloved spot to the memory of her husband, and the culture of her second Edward's mind.

Scarcely, however, had he attained his fifth year, when it was the will of Providence to deprive him of his remaining parent. His maternal grand-

father obstinately inhuman, persisted in renouncing him; but his paternal uncle put him at a proper age to a public school, and destined him for the law; a profession to which his father had promised to do much honor, his debut in Westminster Hall having been most flattering to his reputation, as a logician and an orator.

He was on his first circuit, when accident introduced him to Eliza Dalton at an assize-ball. They saw, they loved: she was not seventeen; himself only two-and-twenty.

This was the age of romance ! They felt no difficulties to oppose their passion ; each yielded to the delusive impulse ; and the empire of love imperiously claimed the vassalage of either heart, before their proposed marriage explained the host of impediments that stood between them and happiness.

The counsellor had no fortune. He began the world with a handsome person, a well stored mind, and unsullied integrity : the cankerworm of care had never visited his manly cheek, and his spirits were the effect of ease, content-

ment, and hilarity. His countenance was open, expressive, and flushed with health, animation, and candor ; he saw the road of preferment open before him, and adopted this motto :

Quisquis suæ fortunæ faber.

The natural sensibilities of Eliza were little calculated to war with such a competitor.

The delicacy of her form was an assurance of her mind, and when a smile wantoned o'er sa petite bouche de

rose—it was soft, thrilling, and enchanting : an unknown grace pervaded her whole person, insinuating as it was impressive.

When the heart is swelled to a certain pitch of tender feeling, one added particle of sympathy poured into the vein of joy, causes it to overflow.

Reason was lost in the stream ; they eloped, and were privately married !

Immediately after the ceremony, the trembling Eliza, supported by her Ed-

ward, sought the presence of her father. She humbled herself at his feet ; but he inhumanly spurned her with his foot.

Her husband raised her with tenderness from the ground ; clasped her affectionately to his fond heart ; and then turning with offended dignity and manly pride towards her unnatural father, he swore that she should never enter those doors again while he had breath.

With this inauspicious marriage the views of Mr. Ormsby were wholly

changed. He resolved to give his wife to his own family, and to push his fortune at the Irish bar.

But alas! how visionary are all mortal arrangements without the concurring hand of Providence. An early grave closed all his fairy prospects—a gradual decline removed the gentle mourner of his fate from worldly sorrow to a state of bliss!

In her last moments, she bequeathed her Edward to her father; embraced him with a seraphic smile; then reposing

from the fatigue of the exertion on her pillow, said she would sleep a little, but awoke no more !

The elder brother of our hero's father lived on the paternal estate, which yielded him an income of about eighteen hundred per annum. He was a man little acquainted with the great world, although he had been brought up at college with his brother. The sports of the country were more congenial to his nature : he loved hard drinking, and he loved hospitality : his mind was stored with humanities ; but the suavi-

ter in modo never accompanied his benevolence. He had frequently offered his purse to his amiable sister-in-law; but never failed to accompany it with a lesson on the imprudence of her marriage. When, however, he was made acquainted with her death, he gave an unaffected sigh to her memory, and adopted his orphan nephew.

Had Edward been educated under the superintendence of his mother, his disposition might have been moulded to all the social virtues; but left to the guidance of an hireling tutor, who

knew little of the sensibilities of the heart, and whose ideas of moral rectitude were confined to the negative virtue of doing no harm—our hero was suffered to grow up in the free indulgence of his natural propensities.

Vanity is an essential qualification to youth. It goads a boy on to excellence; and although it may discover itself in certain touches of the coxcomb as he advances to manhood, it is not without its better attributes, when kept within bounds by the gentle admonitions of discretion.

Edward's vanity, however, was wildly exuberant; his courage made him respected, and his gaiety made him admired; but he was impatient in his temper, quick in his resolves, fickle in his nature.

He looked with horror on the drudgery to which he was doomed by his uncle, and panted to mount the gay cockade: he considered his finely formed person as the assured harbinger of conquest, and sighed for celebrity among the fair. He eagerly took lessons from his more affluent companions

as to the essentials of a fine gentleman : it was, therefore, natural in him, when he found himself the unexpected heir to his grandfather's large fortune, to exclaim :

“ And *will* I learn to box ? . . . and
“ *will* I keep a stud ? . . . and *will* I drive
“ four in hand ? ”

He tore his indentures ; damned all attorneys and their shops ; took a hasty leave of his uncle ; and with a fair wind reached Holyhead.

“ First and second turn there—”
echo'd through the inn yard, and in a few minutes our hero was rattling along the London Road as hard as four posters could gallop.

It was the month of December, and our hero having taken a sandwich at Barnet, his heart big with expectation, and his imagination bewildered by fancy, leaped into the carriage which he ordered to fly to Blakely's hotel in —— Street.

The postillions had just arrested their

speed to descend Highgate Hill; the snow lightly covered the ground as it fell in gentle showers from the Heavens; the evening was growing dark:—and the fantastic reveries of our traveller had long been undisturbed by the noise of passing wheels, when suddenly he was aroused from his corner; where—with folded arms and drooping head he sat communing with himself—by the piercing shrieks of female voices.

“Now, for the honor of St. Patrick,” murmured Edward, seizing a pistol in

each hand, and springing from the carriage.

He had not run many paces before he beheld a coach and four halted on the hill. A ruffian held the bridle of the leaders while his companions ransacked the carriage.

The advanced robber fired as our hero approached, and missed.

“By my soul, and this is no time for ceremony,” cried Edward, and his

more successful weapon brought down
his man.

The two villains who were employed
in robbing the carriage, fled at the re-
port of fire arms, and left our hero
master of the field.

He found four females in the carriage;
whom he afterwards knew as Mrs.
Grunter, the two Miss Grunters, and
their Abigail.

With the removal of danger, the

fears of the ladies were dissipated ; and the only inconvenience they had suffered was from momentary terror. They loaded their deliverer with repeated thanks for his heroic protection ; and on his requesting to escort them to town, they readily consented to make room for him in their coach.

It was necessary, however, to take some steps for conveying the wounded highwayman in safety up to Town ; and Edward returned to his chaise for the purpose of securing him in the bottom ; but the bird was flown.

His blood was discernable among the snow on the spot where he had fallen, and traceable across the road; but as the better part of valour is discretion, and the ladies were safe, Edward, for once in his life, thought it prudent to make the best of their way to Town, lest the party might return on understanding the weakness of the enemy, and effectually wreak their vengeance on his party.

Between six and seven they reached an elegant house in the immediate neighbourhood of Portland Place, when

Edward took leave of his charge, and retired to his own chaise, which had followed, having previously accepted an engagement to dinner on the following day.

The whole evening—indeed the whole night—our hero's head was filled with his adventure. He was in love with all three of the ladies, who had vied with each other in appearing to him as agreeable as they could in the dark; but as he assisted them to alight, the Grecian lamp in the entrance hall had reflected on the beauties of the young-

est lady, who appeared to him about sixteen, and he predicted that he should be violently in love with her.

Love, gentle reader, is part of an Irishman's creed; inasmuch, that he considers himself bound to make love to every pretty woman he sees, although it often means no more than the indispensability of custom, which directs a Frenchman, courteously, to offer his box to those with whom he may be in company.

The airy lightness with which Maria

glided through the hall—the graceful tournure of her person—the momentary expressive smile with which she kissed her hand at parting—were so many charms written in his memory, that he began to feel as if he could not help it.

On the following morning, Edward awoke with a heigh-ho—still thinking of the preceding evening, and repeating to himself every word Maria had addressed to him; but the more he thought of her, the more he thought of making himself *amiable*.

Mr. Blakely was summoned to the breakfast table—

“Is it me your honor would be pleased to want?”—said the obliging landlord, entering with a low bow.

“Indeed and it is, Mr. Blakely”—was the expressive reply.

Mr. Blakely bowed again.

“I am a stranger and your countryman, Mr. Blakely; I would be liberal; but hate imposition. Pray recom-

mend to me tradesmen of fashion, on whom I can rely."

"Yes, and I shall, sir ;".....retiring with a kind of self-sufficient smile, that, like the inclination of Yorick's Grissette's head, was meant to say,

M'en croyez vous capable, Monsieur ?

But who is Mr. Blakely that his reputation should be so well known in Dublin?

Reader, thereby hangs a tale. Many are the roads to notoriety; attend—

Some few years since, when the late ever to be lamented Duke of B——d, in a frolic introduced the fashion of cropping, a Mr. Blakely was preferred to the honor of combing his Grace's hair. This distinction soon gave him fashion; and all the haut ton, desirous of becoming crops, applied to Mr. Blakely to give the fashionable cut.

At length, his business so increased, that it was then considered as great

a favor to prevail on Mr. Blakely to attend at a nobleman's house, as it would now be to procure the enviable distinction of Madame Catalani's company at a private concert.

“ There is a tide in the affairs of men,
“ Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
“ Omitted, all the voyage of their lives
“ Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

Mr. Blakely had launched his bark into this stream, and arrogated a consequence proportioned to his increasing wealth.

A namesake, and a brother strap, viewing his success with jaundiced eyes, as a poor curate gazes on the luxurious bishop—for, in truth, he shaved for a penny, while his proud rival received six shillings for every block he trimmed—bethought him of an expedient to meliorate his fortune.

The original Mr. Blakely had long since removed the outward insignia of his calling, and a neat brass plate, alone, announced the *great man's* residence. Whereupon, the polygraphic Mr. Blakely took a small house in the same street,

and nearly opposite; on the door of which he announced,

Blakely, Hair Cutter.

The cognoscenti in the art of cropping, it is true, still crowded the morning levee of the *gentleman* with the brass plate, waiting a turn as patiently as a washerwoman at a chandler's shop waits for her halfpenny-worth of snuff; but the imitatores servum pecus, who only knew that *a* Mr. Blakely, in such a street, was the *great hair cutter*, always went to the wrong shop; and as they

paid six shillings for the job, they supposed, from the price, that the *outsides* of their heads were fashionably correct.

Thus we had a Brummagem Blakely as well as a Brummagem Duke upon the town; the former is the landlord before us.

The remainder of the morning was passed with Mr. Rawlins, the steward of his late grandfather's estate, whom Edward had previously desired to meet him on his arrival in town.

The history of Mr. Dalton, and the event which has proved so favorable to the fortunes of our hero, are brief.

With a contracted mind, which a mechanical life, passed in the counting house, was little calculated to expand ; he saw, from his earliest career, all things prosper around him.

At the age of thirty-five, he engaged in co-partnership with a gentleman, whose daughter, much against her own will, he at the same time married ; but although neither his natural disposi-

tion, nor his acquired habits, were capable of touching the heart of the lovely and accomplished girl, who yielded to him her reluctant hand; a steady perseverance in doing that which was right—an unbounded confidence in her rectitude—and an unlimited indulgence to her wishes—failed not to create grateful emotions in her bosom, which secured it from the fatality of any wandering prepossession.

Eliza was an only child, and equally the darling of her parents. At his wife's death, which happened about three

years previously to his daughter's marriage, Mr. Dalton retired from business ; and in the following year Eliza was removed from school to keep his house.

Probably Mr. Dalton would not have refused his daughter to a gentleman of good moral character, even though his fortune had been small. He loved his Eliza fondly, and wished her happy. His means were ample, and sufficient for them both. But he had, unhappily, imbibed so unconquerable an aversion to Irishmen, whom he indiscriminately

called fortune-hunters, and who he illiberally bespattered with abuse, as fellows who crept into families to seduce their wives and daughters—to revel on their fortunes, and abuse their persons when in their power, unrestricted by a spark of honor, sentiment, or justice.

When any strong opinion once takes hold in a contracted mind, it increases in power, till it becomes an obstinately indelible impression. Mr. Dalton was not to be moved: his daughter had married an Irishman—and the oratory of Demosthenes would have made no

more impression on him, than it did on the sea, the forum of his early declamations.

He, therefore, altered his will, leaving a distant relation, whom he had never seen, heir to his fortune ; which, in landed and funded property, together with houses and warehouses in the city, amounted to a yearly income of upwards of four thousand pounds.

Fate, however, averted this act of injustice.

Mr. Dalton was confined with the gout at his seat in D—shire : the house by some accident caught fire, which did not discover itself till long after the family had retired.

On the alarm being given, the flames were raging with a violence that scarcely gave the family time to escape with life. Mr. Dalton was carried out in the arms of his servants, and taking his seat in an easy chair in the garden, he soon after saw the roof fall in with a tremendous crash.

His plate, his papers, and every thing of value was consumed. The cold he caught was fatal: the gout flew to the vital parts, and next day he was a corpse.

To hurry over this melancholy recital, we return to Edward, thus miraculously vested with a fortune to indulge his natural vanities.

We have placed him in the high road to every gratification, whether whimsical or rational—voluptuous or sentimental.

He put himself as regularly into training, as the jockey airs his racer at New-Market ; he was resolved to be quite the thing—he was impatient to lead, to shine, to dazzle, to blaze.

Pending these elegant engagements, he was almost a daily visitor at the Grunters ; who, understanding his pretensions to notice, had introduced him to half the town.

Mamma was extremely taken with his fine manly form ; and ladies at thirty six are said to be better judges of pro-

portion, than unskilled misses in their teens. Her attentions to the stranger in London were most marked.

Miss Grunter was a wit, and undertook to teach him the polite art of quizzing. Lessons from a young lady, who had made a sentimental excursion for three years with the man of her heart, "over the hills and far away," would have put our hero's philosophy to the test, if the gaiety and badinage of the lovely sinner had not been corrected by the jealous austerity of a young father confessor, of *squinting notoriety*,

when her vivacity bordered on levity in favor of his handsome rival.

But the bewitching little Maria, though awed by the more imposing talents of her sister, had certain powers to please that were not lost upon Edward.

With the one, his spirits gambolled ; with the other, his heart claimed kindred ; sympathy acknowledged the appeal, and their lips had mutually confirmed the bond of union, before any of the family suspected them to be in love.

En attendant—nothing could be more pointed than the civilities of Mr. Grunter; he was a nabob, whose fortune was estimated at half a million—Of this more anon.

Edward soon became essential to the whole party; and Mrs. Grunter could not present herself at any public place without her handsome chaperon.

It was the first winter of Catalani's appearance at the Opera. Edward, without an atom of science, possessed great musical taste; he was dying to

hear this celebrated performer, and attended the Grunters to their box in the lower tier, on the first evening of the *Semiramide*.

The Syren appeared. Repeated peals of thundering applause echoed around the brilliant circle : it was succeeded by a death-like silence.

Rapt in stillness, the whole house appeared to gasp beneath the stupendous wonders of her execution. Every organ was delighted ; but the feelings were mere spectators, and amazement

made them forget that the heart was uninvited to the feast. It was, however, the very singular fashion to croud the house as soon as the doors were open ; and who shall oppose fashion ?

Not John Bull, believe me. Witness the Bottle Conjuror.

But, without any view to criticise, with severity, the talents of this fashionable favorite, I hope I may be permitted to exclaim against the profusion of the great world, who, in these times of scarcity, when respectable fa-

milies of small landed estates have been expelled their own carriages to walk the dirty pavement—when the snug house-keeper is metamorphosed into a first floor lodger, and the first floor lodger sent to the second floor, and so on to the garrett—the garretteer to the cobbler's bulk: *amusements*, equally gratifying to the heart, might be procured with the thousands a year wasted on this lady, by giving comfort to the houseless female, and bread to her starving infants.

I remember how *liberal* the subscrip-

tions of the haut ton were in behalf of the *poor* Emigrés, who meanly fled from the cause they ought to have supported, to feed ignobly on the eelemosynary banquet of a foreign nation : and, would that I could forget, when the poor half famished Spitalfields weavers were thrown upon the mercy of the public, that the banking house of C—d subscribed two pounds two shillings, and Mr. P—lt—y, perhaps the richest commoner of the realm, nobly set down his name for one pound one* !!!

* Among others, the noble owner of W—tw—th Castle—of M—lt—n Abbey—of

But what is still more singular, the papers which announce the Catalani as an actress in one paragraph, announce her as the elegant hostess of a splendid entertainment in another ; and enumerate among her guests foreign princes and english noblesse.

It was not always so on the continent ; and had Prince Esterhazy been aware of the following anecdote, perhaps, he would not so have honored the lady in question.

R—ck—m House, all princely residences, gave 200l. to the refugees, and to the *poor starving weavers* NOUGET !

Farinelli, who rather owes the living of his name to the wayward pencil of Hogarth, than to his own intrinsic merit, or the munificence of his patrons, was a subject of the Duke of Modena.

When in London, and the tide of his popularity was at its height, he made no scruple at treating the very first of our nobility with the most uncereemonious rudeness.

The Duke of Modena, happening to be in England at this period, was invited to Northumberland house: for

the amusement of His Serene Highness Farinelli was also invited.

At the very moment, however, of his expected arrival, he sent a verbal message that he was engaged at Lady Coventry's, and could not come.

His grace of Northumberland was extremely mortified, and made many apologies to his noble guest; when the Duke of Modena, beckoning to one of his suite, said to him.

“Go, instantly to Farinelli, and desire him to come here.”

In a very few minutes Farinelli appeared.

All the company, except the Duke of Modena, arose, and a chair was placed for their new guest.

“ My Lord Duke,”—exclaimed his highness—“ do you permit a singer to sit in your presence ?

“ Farinelli,” he continued, “ go stand in yonder corner of the room, and sing your best song in your best manner.”

He obeyed, without hesitation, and excelled himself.

When he had finished, the Duke his master nodded to him with great dignity; and he retired, bowing most humbly round the room.

In reading this anecdote, intelligent reader, I wish you to construe it into an oblique censure upon our countrymen, no less severe than just; who upon similar occasions, and to similar characters, have not been sufficiently tenacious of the nation's dignity.

What would this same Duke of Modena say, were he alive, when told that on such a day a grand entertainment was given by a public singer at her house in —, at which all the Foreign Diplomacy and English ministry were present.

It is a positive libel on the nation, yet true; and the following was among the amusements of the evening.

My Lord C——h—who had previously, more than once, evinced that he was not born to be drowned—having made copious libations at the shrine of

Bacchus, sought a momentary retreat into the open air ; when lo ! as my Lord gazed on the starry firmament, and all his contemplations seemed bent intently on the *sign pisces**—an aromatic shower from a superb vase of Seve china, interrupted his philosophic reverie.

The stoutest heart might well retreat from such an *overwhelming* attack.

* I beg to inform the ladies, that *pisces* (signifying the fishes) is one of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, or belt that surrounds the universe.

“ O, cielo, che sciagura !”—shrieked the affrighted chambermaid.

Reader, have you never seen Kemble start at the appearance of Banquo's ghost, and then exclaim

“ Shake not your *gory* locks at me !”

Or, have you not noticed how the Newfoundland dog, returning from a watery excursion to the shore, will shake his fleecy sides to the annoyance of all who approach him ?

So started the affrighted Abigail !
So shook the inundated peer !

By the amiable attention of his amiable hostess, my Lord was afterwards carefully rubbed down; his valet brought him other clothes—he again joined the brilliant circle, where the malheur was forgotten in the sweetness of the C—’s voice; who obligingly favored the company with a *da capo* of

“ *Water parted from the Sea!* ”

Meanwhile Edward’s barouche came out.

It was built in exact imitation of a

stage coach, with an accommodation boot behind, and another before, attached to the body ; an extremely high box carpeted in the seat, with an iron railing round it : chains instead of pole pieces.

His horses were of different colors ; but trimmed alike to every individual hair : he had aired them in a break every morning for six weeks previously, attended by a skilful coachman, who taught how to sit—how to square his elbows—how to tremble the reins on his left ungloved hand, like the gamut

of a stringed instrument—so that every horse should feel his bit and do his work, without any apparent exertion from the driver.

Thus lessoned, the much longed-for morning dawned. It was Sunday, and the Grunters had promised to honor him with their company in the Park: Miss Grunter provokingly insisting to occupy the driving box in despite of her mother's bridled chin—her sister's pouting lip—and her confessor's squinting negative.

She positively seized on the post of honor, exclaiming with Ranger,

“Up I go—neck, or nothing.”

A beautiful spring morning, enlivened by a cheerful sun, invited all the idlers about town to the Park: the promenade was crowded with beauty—the ride was filled with horses, such as are not in equal numbers and perfection of form to be seen, elsewhere, in the habitable world.

The branches of the trees were burst-

ing into verdure—the feathered songster carolled on the bough—all nature wore a smile.

Dash went our Barouche Driver into the Park : a double row of carriages seemed to oppose his passage ; but the high mettled steeds, obedient to his rein, rushed through the middle way in defiance of the heavy gravel.

Every eye was upon them. Miss Grunter felt herself more than mortal.

“ Now ”—said she, placing her hand

on the arm of her companion—" you
 " see all the world, and I will be to
 " you as Asmodeus was to the scholar,
 " who released him from the Magician's
 " power.

" It is only supposing the vehicle to
 " which I shall point to be a chamber ;
 " and that I have led you invisibly
 " through the roof, to espy ' the
 " nakedness of the land*.'

* These anecdotes are given in continuity,
 to avoid the Scheherezade-like interruptions
 they would otherwise suffer. But the reader

“Look to the right; the lady occupying the back seat of that superb brown vis-a-vis is the youngest of four sisters. Her father ranks among the first of our nobles, but devotes his life to the *charms* of retirement; while my Lady devoted hers to popularity in the world of fashion, where she outbrazened every *modest* competitor, and long reigned supreme arbitress of ton.

“The eldest of her daughters—that is,

will suppose that they were related at different times, and by different persons.

by her own biography, for *the eldest* having married a commoner is not reckoned in the family—is the domestic wife of a peer of very high rank, who takes more pleasure in a sailing match than a drawing room; and mixes little with the beau-monde. — Her G——, from this retirement, is a *mère végétale* in the animal world.

“ The second is the amiable wife of a rough and gallant soldier, lately succeeded to his birthright dignities, and promoted to high command.

“In this public situation, they combine their powers to make the people happy whom they govern ; and hold up to the world, a rare instance of unobtrusive virtue, ornamenting exalted rank.

“ The third—pretty, lively, and satirical, moves in a sphere one degree below her sisters. Nothing remarkable has hitherto marked her life. She is an exemplary wife, and a good mother.

“ The youngest is married to a nobleman, and bears equal rank with her elders. She has moved in all the public

pomp of office, veiling the meanness of domestic œconomy—consequently, unpopular.

Her Ladyship having lost some forty or fifty thousand pounds to a foreign prince, deceased, had recourse to a new way of paying old debts, by making a card purse out of the allowances of G——; but policy seems to have been her mother's milk—Policy made her fall in love with the late ever to be revered D——, and wear *widow's* weeds at his lamented decease.—Policy made her flirt with the elegant Beauharnois, at

Paris—there being, then, no nearer heir apparent*—till every body wondered

* H— M—— is said to have been so little pleased with this Parisian tour, that he was extremely cool to H— G—— when she appeared at C—— on her return.

The Lady's indignation, at this treatment, was for some time smothered ; till a new r—l offence set all her Highland blood into commotion.

“ Pray sir”—she said, strutting up to the P—— with a martial step, and *almost* kimboed arms—“ how does it happen that you suffer
“ ——— to abuse me at your table. I know

what would be the *end* of it.—They were remarkable for *waltzing*.

“ that he had the impudence to say—“ so and
“ so—”

“ I do not recollect any such conversation”
—returned H. R. H. with a bow of elegant
condescension—“ nor do I ever betray private
“ conversation. If I knew your informant, I
“ would take care he never should so err again
“ at my table.”

Foiled by this coolly-cutting reproof—the lady crimsoned all over ; and as rage must have its

The mother of this *Grace* has been remarkable through life for displaying a settled contempt for every rule of polite etiquette; which, added to an unrestrained indulgence of her *natural* feelings, and the convivial freedom

vent, she turned to General G——, who was in the circle, exclaiming—

“ And you may tell the K——, sir, that unless
 “ he receives me better—neither I—nor any of
 “ my family shall ever go to C——t again.”

H—— G—— then stalked away, *majestically*.

of a Bacchante, form the noble pedestal on which she has reared her *spotless* fame.

An open chubby countenance that never knew a blush*; a ready repartee;

* The following anecdote is on record. “A rural life in the coldest climates will generate warmth in the female bosom, and if *opportunity* offer, it is rather unfortunate, if it be not succeeded by enjoyment. Innocent stratagems are sometimes employed to encourage the diffidence, and stimulate the desires, of timid unconscious youth.

“It is related, how a certain *experienced*

less remarkable for wit than effront-

matron of high Rank and Scottish extraction, amidst the interesting solitude of an evening promenade, in the thickest recesses of a sequestered grove, in a gentle tête-à-tête, once deigned obliquely to court the amorous favors of a young military *novice* on a visit at the Chateau.

“ *Burning* to accomplish her object, she *tenderly* asked him, if he could spell op,por,tu, ni,ty—when alas! the stupid Cymon not only neglected the *opportunity*, but to display his innocence, or rather his ignorance, in stronger colors, related at supper his simple story, which served only to excite mirth in the company, and

ery* — have enabled her to elbow through the croud, and gain the throne of fashion.

in no wise disconcerted the lady whose *bronze* disdained to change its colors.

“ We are bound to *admire* the *tender* ingenuity, and *unshaken firmness* of the noble Lady! —Happy effect of *polished* education!”

* H— G—— formerly had a quarrel with the late Mr. P——, and not only avoided asking him to her own house; but avoided meeting him elsewhere. At length, in a sudden fit of good humour, she determined to make friends

Whatever may be said of her as a wife—it must be allowed she has been a *good* mother ; her daughters being *so greatly* married.

The *happy* husband of the bonny with him, one night, when she saw him at a party, and going up to him with a broad smile, she said, without preface,

“ Pray, Mr. P——, do you talk as much nonsense lately as you used to do ? ”

“ Really, Y— G——,” he replied—“ I am not aware ; but *certainly* I have not *heard* so much nonsense *lately*, as I used to do.”

dame has also *his amusements* ; of less éclat, certainly, but, perhaps, of equal pleasantry, as a little anecdote will unfold.

“ Amid the rudest scenery of the Highlands, where hill contends with hill, and barren heaths display the ruggedness of uncultivated nature, a sportsman, lately, chanced to stray.

“ His eager eye pursued the timid grouse ; but soon two objects of seraphic form burst on his raptured view !

“ He gazed in speechless ecstasy. They were not of another world—for all the elegancies of modern ton adorned their persons.

“ He advanced to cross them on their path, and bent before them as to superior beings.

“ They returned the stranger’s courtesy with unaffected smiles of polished condescension. They were enrobed in light drapery of the finest muslin; and their dress and manners were correspondent with the newest fashion.

“ Who could they be?—

“ The stranger followed to their Kirk. they were the daughters of the D— of G——.”

Strange reports are in circulation of
 “ THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER”.
 Time will devellope all things.

But see—another subject calls for our attention. Do you note that gentleman who rides so near the railing, and has just saluted the ladies in yon open carriage?

“ I do,”—answered Edward—“ and my attention hangs upon your lips.”

His name is Spensur, and he is just returned from the Continent, where he was employed in a public character. He is brother to our naval hero of that name.

During his abode at C——, he became enamoured of a beautiful German young lady, the Doggerman's daughter, and was made happy in the possession of her hand.

His public duties, however, soon after his marriage recalled him to England; and he left his lovely bride to await his return.

Some time having passed, and no mention being made of his return, Mrs. Spensur determined to join him in England. She, accordingly, took her passage, but unhappily the vessel in which she sailed, was captured, and carried into France.

As the subject of a power in amity with the French government, the fair

voyager claimed her privilege through the medium of her ambassador—but her release was denied her, on the plea of her having married an Englishman.

Personal pique might, perhaps, have influenced this ungallant answer from a gallant nation, as the *name* was hateful to the ears of Buonaparte.

The unceasing application of her ambassador, however, at length partially prevailed; and Mrs. Spensur was allowed to go to Naples.

Arriving—with her sister—and her money being all expended, her only resource was in her jewels, which she disposed of for their support; when, fortunately, as she imagined, an Italian nobleman was about to sail for England, and offered himself to be their escort.

Without further accident, they reached London, and put up at a fashionable hotel; of which, immediate notice was conveyed to Mr. Spensur, by his impatiently affectionate wife.

But he, fashionably elegant, merely

paid the party a visit at their hotel—was profuse in his compliments to the Marquis—and departed, on some light excuse, leaving them just as he found them.

It appeared, afterwards, that the GENTLEMAN was in high keeping with two ladies of high fashion, when the mal-à-propos visit of his wife threatened to mar his *domestic* comforts; but Mrs. Spensur was lynx eyed; and finding the *sort of man* she had married, determined on returning to her family without condescending even to upbraid him.

In this situation of refined non-chalance, the Marquis told his new friend he had a bill for 300*l.* which he wished to get discounted, but knew not how. The names were unexceptionable.

“ My dear fellow”—replied Mr. Spensur—“ how happy you make me
“ in allowing me to serve you. I will
“ get the bill cashed immediately.”

He did so—but forgetting the difference between *meum* and *tuum*—the money found the way into his own pocket, instead of the poor Marquis’s.

It was whispered, that Mr. Spensur, on this occasion, laughed at the thing, as a good joke, swearing that a fair exchange was no robbery*.

From the service of these two ladies he was, shortly after, discarded; when he became the favorite of a certain widow in S——e Street, with whom he entered on present pay, and good quarters.

* It would be very unpardonable indeed to suffer this *wit* to pass without stating—That not the slightest opprobrium has ever, in reality, attached to this injured Lady's character.

One unlucky night—perhaps to shew his authority—he took it into his head, to see if the house was locked up safe ; when, lo ! as he entered the kitchen, he found Mrs. Cook amorously seated on the lap of her enamorado, and both so busied with their own happiness, that he stole upon them unawares.

“ Fellow ”—said the *intrepid* Spensur —“ What business have you in *this* house ? ”

“ Mayhap, as much as yauw—or thereabout, feller— ” was the laconic reply.

Spensur cursed and swore that he would charge the watch with him.

“ Yauw had bettther not”—said the routed lover—but Spensur was enraged, and collared the culprit ; upon which, the man gave him a Yorkshire hug, that laid him flat upon the kitchen floor.

The whole house was now in an uproar : and in the terror of the scene, the watch was called by one of the other maids, who came running down stairs

half dressed, and screaming “murder !”
“thieves !” “thieves !—murder !”

With many opprobrious terms, the poor Yorkshireman was given over to the watch ; and, in his turn, he charged Spensur.

The uproar, notwithstanding the hour, collected many persons before the door, when the Yorkshireman thus addressed his fellow prisoner.

“Yauw, a gentleman !—to be zure,

“ and so yauw be—to leave yaur own
 “ lawful wedded wife, to cum here ran-
 “ tipoling after Madam Hotapon’t—I do
 “ be ashamed of ye—that I be—I ha’
 “ gotten no wife—I daunt hurten no-
 “ body—and where do be the law,
 “ then, to keep I, from sweethearting a
 “ bit, when the maiden do be willing.”

The next object of Miss Grunter’s
 biography was a famous cast off demi-
 rep.

“ Bless us !”—exclaimed the fair

prattler—"What a *tumble* that Lady's pride has had"—pointing—"who would believe that she had lately been the *managing clarke* in a great A—— concern under the firm of Frederique, Brownwood, and Co. but a jealousy have arisen among the partners, and Mr. Brownwood complaining that Mr. Frederique—her keeper—suffered meritricious influence to exceed all bounds, remonstrated, to the disgrace of the Lady.

It is worthy of remark, that this lady's patronage, when in power, was

looked up to as the most promising in the kingdom*.

She invented a new game—I do not know whether, or not, by patent—for the amusement of all little master Jackeys.

It consisted in making *paste board*

* When Mr. Frederique would, at times, be low spirited with the *dread* of an investigation, his *clarke* would facetiously rally him thus,

“ *Never fear, doctor, you are a K—S—
Nobody you know, dare touch you.*”

infants leap over the heads of veterans ; which leap was magically facilitated by the deposit of a purse, at every jump, which she caught in her lap.

She also invented a machine, by means of which she could write the name of Frederique, and make it pass current with the house—some say, for thousands.—And so powerful were her spells, that one of her footmen, who had a handsome leg, and square shoulders, was metamorphosed, in a few months, into a captain of foot, as a reward for *past* services.

The next to be pourtrayed, is Mr. Jessamy.

“ ———neat and trimly dress'd
 “ Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new
 “ reaped,
 “ Shews like a stubble land, at harvest home :
 “ He is perfumed like a milliner ;
 “ And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he holds
 “ A pounced box, which ever and anon
 “ He gives his nose—and takes't away again*.”

Early in life, with a fortune of about twenty thousand pounds, this sweetly

* The *person* is changed from the original.

scented Adonis married a young lady who was the rich heiress of a trader in the city.

The newly wedded pair, soon after, made a tour of the Continent; whence the gentleman returned *rich* in two beautiful Italian greyhounds—while his Lady's travelled improvements ranked her with the virtuosi.

A splendid mansion* opened with

The bronze figures that lighted his side-board cost 1000 guineas in Italy.

sumptuous entertainments, soon became the receptacle of an elegant mob. And for a few seasons, their rank among the haut ton was established.

The father of Mr. Jessamy had passed the greater part of his life in India ; and about this period, a gentleman who had been his youthful friend, returned from the scorching plains of Hindustan, a martyr to the ravages of the climate.

Mr. Jessamy hastened to greet him, on his arrival—took him home as his father's friend—and was as a son unto him.

Mrs. Jessamy, with an amiable politeness and obliging solicitude, would often pass her evening in the chamber of the invalid, who ultimately repaid the friendship of his host with the grossest violation of honor and hospitality*.

* A poor Swiss having been ungratefully repaid for his national hospitality to a soldier, preferred the following simple, but energetic, complaint against the delinquent, in the presence of his officers :

“ May it please your honors—dis shentleman come up into mine house—he vas cater mine

Once detected, the lady *proudly* quitted her home with her decrepit paramour, leaving, contemptuously, her *dear* Jerry Sneak,

“ To sigh alone—and think on what was past !”

At first, Mr. Jessamy's pride kept up his resolution in finally separating from

meat—he vas drinker mine drink—he vas picker mine pocket—he vas *kisser* mine vife—he vas dammer mine eyes—he vas kicker me down stairs !!!

the hyena he had taken to his bosom ; but when he looked into his accounts, and found that his twenty thousand pounds had been the ready source of all their elegant expenses—and that his wife, bad as she was, in taking away herself, had taken away her fortune—he, most philosophically, resolved to forgive the dear offender—whom he told her friends he could not live without—and pressed them to solicit her return.

Every woman of spirit would act as Mrs. Jessamy did—she spurned the offer—leaving him to the caresses of

his two Italian grey-hounds, and to study ways and means on the Stock Exchange among the bulls and bears.

Now you shall see what you shall see—huzza, for Lætitia D— of L—k—r's lane in the parish of St. G——s's!

See how she spins along those beautiful blood bays;—we are very intimate, and I can tell you all about her.

No woman in England drives four in hand more knowingly than *my Lady*. Not even the celebrated Mrs. H——s,

or the driving Brewer's driving dulcinea.

No woman ever rode so well up to the hounds—not excepting Mrs. M. A. T——, Lady M——, or Lady S——, or comes so sportingly in at the death.

No woman can boast more fashionable principles—for she has a thorough contempt for all her former associates, and a dear delight in letting you know she is allied to nobility.

When a certain Baronet of driving

notoriety, whose head is proverbially weak, was yet a boy; and the beautiful Lætitia a celebrated cyprian, he won her to his arms, like another Danaë; but a *certain* personage of exalted rank, professing himself also her lover; the lady, well knowing her p's and q's, *swore* she would desert her keeper, for her more illustrious gallant, unless he married her.

The Baronet was over head and ears in love, and they became "one bone and one flesh."

In this new sphere of life, she moved a splendid constellation. The St. G——s's bulk was transformed into an Opera-box ; but as the female world was a little squeamish, and it was necessary to give my Lady a companion of her own sex—to save appearances—a pretty, fair, blue eyed, flaxen haired, girl—a neice of my Lady's—was transplanted from the mysteries of L—rs Lane to the mysteries of my Lady's boudoir, to which she was admitted after divers scrubbings, and a vast consumption of rose and honey water.

The St. G——s's beauty seemed as if born to grace the new hemisphere she shone in—her language refined with her manners; insomuch, that when she sometimes caught an oath tripping glibly along her tongue, she could give a great gulp—and swallow it.

At length, at the age of eighteen or nineteen, she had drilled herself into fashion; and nature had made her lovely.

The eye of many a rake wanted

o'er her charms—but Miss was forbidden fruit.

She would not sell her favors; and no one, as yet, had been found sufficiently in love to ask her hand in marriage.

It happened, that a certain nobleman, gay, thoughtless, extravagant, and licentious—but with many private virtues—had lost a considerable sum*, at the gaming table, to his friend the driving Baronet.

* Sixteen thousand pounds.

They were tête-à-tête, shortly after, at the Baronet's table—the Champaigne had made many rounds, and my Lord felt he was up to any thing.

Now was the time.

“ Marry *my* neice, my Lord”—exclaimed the Baronet gaily—“ and your debt is cancelled.”

“ Your hand, my boy”—rejoined his Lordship.

“ And done, and done's, enough be-

tween two jontlemen, according to Miss Edgeworth's Dublin shoe-black."

The next morning, when my Lord awoke, he found himself in a strange bed, with a beautiful bedfellow ; and after rubbing his eyes for a few minutes, to collect his senses, he, at length, recollected, he had been *married* a few hours before on the leads of the Baronet's house !

Shortly after, they made their public entrée on the Ascot course, as man and

wife, in a phaeton with six greys in hand.

Having played his part through a short but joyous scene on this stage, he made a sudden exit to a better world, and was succeeded in his titles, profusion, and follies—I do not say his virtues—by the present Lord Crippleton, whom we shall meet presently, as he is a noted Barouche driver.

Aye, here he comes, splashing along at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.

The *gentleman* seated with him on the box, is Tom, his buffoon. He leads him into parties, as a Charlatan leads his ape—for the amusement of company.

Tom has an excellent knack at catching nuts, of which his Patron is so well aware, that he lays bets at table that he will lodge so many, out of so many, nuts in Tom's mouth: and the bet being made, my Lord gives the signal, with a——“Come, Tom”—and Tom prepares to catch.

I am not positive whether the same

rewards are inflicted upon Tom, when he loses his patron's money, as those bestowed on the dancing dogs; but Tom appears to be in great awe of his *noble* master.

The beautiful creature who sat alone in the carriage is my Lady—her motto "*Variety*"—by the bye, I could tell you an excellent family jest; of, how my Lord came *in* suddenly, and found my Lady *out*; and how my Lord *cozened* the *cozener* out of four thousand pounds, for poaching on his *cousin's* manor—

and how the noble delinquent took out a *sporting* licence to knock down his Lordship's *game* at pleasure, without any the least let, hindrance, or molestation whatsoever. But I would, for the present, draw your attention to yon crimson carriage.

My Lady Peppercorn—fat, fair, and forty ; she has been a celebrated beauty, and was left a young widow with little else than her charms to carry on the war.

Her destiny led her to the *Continent*,

and at Rome she captivated an elegant and accomplished youth of Royal birth then on his travels—but while preliminaries were settling for yielding up the garrison; another, and more lovely English-woman, appeared before the walls; and with the artillery of her eyes forced the Prince to raise the siege.

A variety of adventures, at length, restored this national ornament to gem in the British court. Her travels had not filled her purse; and a noble Lord, very benevolently, set on foot a subscrip-

tion to present her Ladyship with ten thousand pounds.

Lord Peppercorn, who is very affluent, and the personification of benevolence—*when beauty claims the meed*—was solicited to put down his name for one thousand guineas in relief of his fair countrywoman—when his Lordship, not liking a pig in a poke, desired to be introduced.

It so fell out, that my Lord's *charity* had devised a number of ways to *explain* itself. And this becoming ocularly

manifest to a near relation of her Ladyship's—my Lord Peppercorn had to chuse between a wife and a bullet; which choice a very convenient appeal to the Doctor's Commons*, a few weeks before, had enabled his Lordship *philosophically* to adopt.

That brown chariot, with the brown

* The family memoirs are detailed at large in a novel called *The Infidel Mother*, written by myself, and published by Hughes of Wigmore Street.

and sky blue liveries, is worthy your attention.

Observe the antique cocked up in the further corner ; with a head resembling in color and effect a stewed pruin. She is a West Indian ; and one of those outlandish fools who presume to vie in expense with our first nobility ; till a short reign of ridiculous profusion metamorphoses their Turkish drawing rooms to a less elegant apartment at the King's Bench.

This, however, has not been the

finale with the present lady, although her routes were of the most splendid nature: her husband is gone abroad again, to recruit from his attorney ships, and she lives during his absence—like Penelope.

Their history is concise ; but spirited. Madame was the wife of a gentleman holding a patent place at J—— of considerable emolument ; and Monsieur, a raw-boned—broad-shouldered—Scotchman, whom he employed as his private clerk.

“ Shortly after, the gentleman died ; and *supple* Woolley, his clerk, was directed by the executors to arrange his private accounts.

In this situation, the *disconsolate* widow would frequently—under pretence of his fatigue and study—tempt the brawny youth, with a delicate broil, and a rummer of mixed hock, for his second breakfast ; till one freedom begetting another freedom—Woolley had no more to ask the widow nothing more to grant.

Unhappily for the *lovee*, and as happily for the *lover*, Master Woolley had a favorite fair at home. The mistress of the boarding house at which he lived, had long cast a sheep's eye at him.

'Twas a cheap way of paying his reckoning, and œconomy is the soul of a Scotchman.

Woolley was happy here—there—and every where.

But one *unlucky* day, when the pre-

sence of the executors had detained Woolley much beyond his usual hour at the office—and he was engaged out to dinner—in his extreme hurry to dress, he forgot a tender billet, which “love’s messenger” in the shape of Mamma Quasheba, an old Mulatto woman, had slipped into his hand, and he had slipped into his pocket.

This note fell into the possession of his jealous Argus at home, who had long watched an opportunity to catch the infidel tripping.

She eagerly tore open the *scrawl*, and after some trouble, read as follows :

“ *My addoribble Kretur,*

*Kum to de litty dore in de bak piach,
wen dem neger all sleep, bout one a klok,
to my longhin arms. Yours till deth.*

“ *Cassandra.*”

This elegant morceau was nuts to the finder : not a word escaped her, to Woolley, that night ; but judge his amazement, when he found, next day, that the dear *billet doux* had been posted

on the door of the Public* Buildings, and the contents communicated to the town, with a note explanatory of the signature “ Cassandra.”

This malicious trick turned out to be a rare coup de fortune for Woolley.

The widow was immensely rich, and

* The Public Building—so called from its containing the House of Assembly, the Court House, and the Public Offices.—It is the place of public rendezvous—as the Exchange of London, or the Rialto at Venice.

of great family. There was no way to patch up her reputation but one—Woolley became her husband—succeeded to the patent of his late master, and from an originally bowing, dirty sans-culotte, soon after became, *virtually*, king of the island.

Do you observe that little oldfashioned fellow, in his little old fashioned cocked hat, with the landau full of masters and misses?

He is a great banker, and the youngsters are his grand children.—But notwithstanding you see him so amiably

engaged in playing with his little ones, he has playthings of a riper growth for his more *private*—amusement.

A *cherry* cheeked actress has long since made great havoc with his heart ; and he offered a settlement of ten thousand pounds to the dear object of his affections ; but the little minx knew there was no fool like an old fool, and that if he could give so much money for *one* bite at a *cherry*, she had nothing to do but play *bob cherry* with his feelings, till he should consent to purchase the whole fruit at her own price.

How she kept her own feelings in proper subjugation amid constant provocatives, I do not attempt to determine ; but it is certain they never run riot, *with the Banker*, who is now resolved to have her “ *COUTE qu’il COUTE,*” and a matrimonial farce is said to be on the tapis.

These theatrical alliances are become quite fashionable. I suppose, some day or other, an act of parliament will be made to remove the *lawful* appellation of *vagabonds*.

Here comes beauty, purity, and self-denial, in that plain open landau. Three sisters, highly accomplished, and valued, each, at one hundred thousand pounds.

They are daughters of a great grazier, who has amassed, by *æconomy* and *government contracts*, the little modicum he intends for his girls; whose life, however, is too retired to provoke envy, and whose qualifications bid fair to make *them* worthy members of society.

A curious discovery lately took place,

on the appointment of a new inspector.

The quarterly day of review having arrived, Mr. Contractor saluted the officer with great courtesy, and attempted to place a fold of paper in his hand.

“What is this”—exclaimed the Inspector, suffering the fold of *bank notes* to fall on the ground.

“Oh, nothing, my dear sir ; I have
“ been accustomed to bring this* trifle

* Five hundred pounds at each quarterly muster—Nice pickings !

“ with me ; it has served to lighten
 “ your *predecessor's* travelling expences.”

The Inspector refused the money ;
 and reported the fact.

Here comes a ducal coronet.

That Barouche and four, with sable
 liveries, contains the British Ninon de
 l'Enclos, Lady E—Forrester, the chere
 amie alike of the late D—ss and the
 D. of D——.

Married early in life to a man of

contemptible talents, and physically deficient, her Ladyship took French leave of her amiable partner, and winged her flight across the water.

Of extreme beauty—great vivacity—and by nature a rover—she sought the gratification of her vanities, and the uncontrolled indulgence of “*les egaremens de son cœur*,” in every court of Europe.

But though a voluptuary—she was a tyrant among her lovers. She knew that a passive indulgence gave a sameness to the most exalted transports.

She therefore gave a *delicate* seasoning to her amours.—Elle scavoit les menager —while rival princes wore her chains, and modern Jupiters approached her with a golden shower.

At length, fatigued even with enjoyment, she retired from the *congenial* delights of Italy, where she had long resided, to domesticate in England.

Few women have greater resources, within themselves, from the horrors of ennui, than this fair libertine. An improved taste in music, painting, and all,

the fine arts, are the eminently conspicuous talents of her Ladyship; and travel has given so much witchery to her naturally pleasing and graceful manners, that her superiority is evident in every circle she ornaments with her presence.

Her Ladyship, it is expected, will change her name, as soon as etiquette permits the ceremony.

Mind, how *elegantly* my Lord Hump-ton *bends* to his work, and how gallantly his horses step. He is one of the

most celebrated among the club of Barouche drivers.—You will do well to take a lesson ; for his Lordship has neither heart nor soul for any other object than his favorite blood bays, or genius beyond the critical arrangement of their harness.

His Lordship, formerly, had *warmer* passions ; and was, at a very early period of life, plighted to my Lady :—an indefinable* novelty his object : money, hers.

* Novelty—curiosity—folly—or whatever

Her Ladyship is descended, on the mother's side, in a *crooked* line, from

other name may be most applicable to an inconsiderate act, sanctioned, only, by the caprice of the moment—an emotion which had nearly proved very fatal to his Lordship—previous to his marriage—while on a trip at Scarborough.

“ A lady of great notoriety—the once famous Nancy Parsons—made so great a hole in his heart, that he, positively, offered her his hand in marriage ; and would, most probably, have kept his engagement, had not his family, trembling for the honor of their house, hurried him into all the excesses of the metropolis, with a

C—— II. which *accidental honor* has almost turned her brain, in visionary conviction to expunge a smaller vice, by means of one greater.

Here, he saw his present C——, then in the full meridian of beauty : and the forsaken Nancy was blotted from his memory.

I have read a short memoir of this celebrated Lady ; which may not be unacceptable to the reader—if an inquisitive reader.

“ Of her origin it would be difficult to speak positively—but it is believed that she was edu-

templations on the *virtues* of high descent. She is, therefore, proud and

cated in the kitchen of the renowned *Mother*
W——h, in C——d Row.

“ Here Nancy became acquainted with Dukes, Lords, and Blacklegs, who habitually paid nocturnal visits to that fashionable *haunt*.

“ Her beauty was accidentally discovered, and she was elevated to the *honors* of the parlor; when she improved her acquaintance with the great world, till she, at length, became the mistress of a ducal prime minister, with whom she

overbearing in her usual demeanor, but yielding, as the melting wax, with those she *loves*.

lived many years, in all the pomp of office and plenitude of power.

“ From his G—— of G—— she was transformed to his G—— of D—— with whom she made the grand tour, and perfected herself in all those imposing qualities, called travelled accomplishments. At her return she married Lord V—— M——d, and *ornamented* the circle of British noblesse, to which she was—*unsqueamishly*—admitted according to her rank.”

His Lordship is frivolous, petulant, and whimsical—so that, his fretful inquietudes, invading her *natural* complacencies; and her high blood spurning at opposition, *gentle* bickerings are wont to break forth between this noble pair.

And so *powerfully* resolute is my Lady in not yielding one inch of her authority, that when she cannot break the force of his argument, she, forcibly, breaks the head of the argumentor, and thereby gains a complete victory. And while his Lordship's *sublime* pursuits are

divided between the stable, and the park; my Lady—when not airing in the carriage, by way of proving, to the world, how happily they live together—has always contrived little *innocent amusements* at home, to console her delicate feelings, and expel the blue devils from her sentimental boudoir.

See—what ease—what grace—what elegance—in the carriage of that female figure riding yon iron grey! How sweetly she smiles upon the Adonis who accompanies her! but the family is remarkable for their attractions—the

mother almost disputing the palm of beauty with her daughters — the daughters, certainly, the lovely rivals of each other.

The fair equestrian is married, and her husband in the K— B——.

What *charming* sensibility!

I observe another lady on horseback, just entering the Park—Oh!—'tis my Lady Melbrow—the sylph companion of an old flannelled Peer: unhappily, *bondaged* companion—for with her

spirit she would break less galling fetters than the matrimonial chain.

Her father—a *noble* Lord—sold her, when very young, to the slippered Pantaloon whose name she bears; but though he sold her person, he could not make over her inclinations in the deed; those she had, already, given to an officer in the guards.

With a bewitching archness, and voluptuous smile, her light airy form was irresistibly impressive: and although education, I believe, might have attem-

pered the almost wanton expression of her charms, a French governante, who had been taught morality behind the scenes of the Italian Opera, encouraged, rather than repressed, its too exuberant growth.

When, therefore, the petite brunette flew to the chamber of her governess, and related, all in tears, the commands she had received from her *cruel* father to marry the nasty, gouty, good for nothing, old E—l: Madame, most philosophically taking a pinch of snuff, replied,

“ Eh bien, ma mie—and what of that ?”

“ What of that”—re-echoed the indignant Iphigenia.

“ Que tu es folle, ma charmante”—replied the *considerate* Duenna, patting her pupil’s neck—“ look round the fashionable world, ma petite—what constitutes all *great* marriages ?

“ Why, the desire to be great. You marry my Lord, and you become extraordinarily riche. You love

“ the Capitaine—he will become extra-
 “ ordinairement heureux.—Voilà l’af-
 “ faire.—Marriage will give you a li-
 “ cense to be happy. The Capitaine
 “ will make you so.”

This elegant sophistry won, at once,
 upon the yielding heart of Iphigenia.—
 She wiped her eyes, and throwing her
 arms around her dear instructress, de-
 clared herself ready to meet the cere-
 mony.

Every thing was soon arranged: the
 happy day arrived, and Iphigenia—clad

in all the decorative pomp which formerly graced the appearance of her namesake at the sacrifice in Aculis—*blushed* her consent to become the Countess of Melbrow.

The day was passed in bridal pomp with her Lord—but the night was devoted to love and to the Captain.

Here the curtain drops—and we resume our narrative.

Edward, an enthusiast in pursuit of

fashion, took his daily lesson in all the *polite arts*.

He became a subscriber to the Berkeley hounds—entered himself a member of the Newmarket meeting—rode his own horse “*Dennis Brulgruddery*” at Bibury—became one of the Swaffham Coursing Society—and was balloted in at the Bedford Driving Club.

But with all his desire to be the thing, *the thing* is not so easily acquired; and nothing could be more

mortifying to his pride, than the exclamation of a Hackney Coachman, who, coolly taking off our hero's near wheel in a croud on Ludgate Hill, exclaimed with a sarcastic grin,

“ By Jasus, your honor, you may
 “ *look* like a *Jarvey* ; but you *drive* like
 “ a *Jontleman*.”

Meanwhile, the loves of Edward and Maria were not forgotten.

Mr. Grunter was engaged at a dis-

tant county election*—Mrs. Grunter, too much wrapped up in the contempla-

* At a certain county election, where party spirit was the order of the day—a team of oxen, belonging to one of the candidates, happened to pass, in a waggon, under the park wall of another candidate, while a powdered lacquey was entertaining his companions at the gate with electioneering jests.

Tipping the wink, he said,

“ So I suppose, Joey, your team is going to be roasted for your party to day ? ”

“ Yez, master Tummas, and we do be a going
“ to stew our waggon for yearn pearty.”

tion of her own charms and the gallantry of Edward, to suspect he had another passion—and Miss Grunter was so jealously watched by her squinting lover, and so agreeably flattered by Edward, that she never dreamt of a rival in her sister.

Thus was the field left open for the young adventurers; who, rather than await the dull formalities of asking leave, especially, as that leave was very dubious, procured themselves to be thrice asked at —— Church, without discovery: and on the much wished for

morning, Edward in the paraphernalia of a livery servant, and the bride modestly attired as my Lady's maid, united their fates.

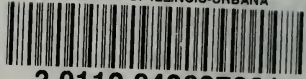
Four posters awaited at the door, in their barouche; and, without any witness to their happiness, they set off to their country seat, where a tasteful cottage had been hastily finished; and in each other's arms forgot, awhile, that there was a habitable world beyond their honey-suckle hedge.

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